

Mafia God 316

Chapter 316: The Kiss Of Death

When she finally arrived at the gate of Luca and Veronica's residence, she noticed the heightened security.

Apparently, Luca was already putting plans in place to keep Veronica safe. While the increased security offered some comfort, Valentina needed more than that. She needed reassurance from the horse's mouth himself, confirmation that Veronica was truly safe and that Luca would not allow any harm to come to her.

Her car was thoroughly checked before she was allowed through the gates. Her fingers tapped impatiently against the steering wheel, her heart pounding in her ears. The moment the guard signaled her forward, she sped up the driveway, barely waiting for the car to come to a full stop before throwing it into park.

She was out of the vehicle in seconds, the hem of her nightdress fluttering around her thighs as she hurried toward the front door. Driven purely by fear and urgency, she pushed through the entrance.

Inside, Luca and Marco were still standing in the living room. Luca had just lifted his coffee mug to his lips, while Marco leaned casually against the back of a sofa. At the sudden burst of movement, both men turned instantly toward the door.

Marco's reaction was visceral. The sight of Valentina—disheveled, breathless, and clad only in a thin nightdress—sent a jolt through him. Shock registered first, quickly followed by an involuntary flicker of desire. His brain seemed to momentarily abandon all higher reasoning, his gaze instinctively tracing the silhouette of her body before he caught himself, swallowing hard and forcing his attention back to the gravity of the situation.

Valentina, however, saw none of it. Her eyes locked solely on Luca. Panic and determination propelled her forward as she rushed toward him. She flicked the mug from his hand, the glass shattering against the floor with a crash. The scent of coffee filled the air as dark liquid splattered across the tiles.

"Where is my sister?" she demanded. "Where is Vee? Vee!" Her words tumbled out in a frantic rush as she lashed out at Luca, her fists pounding against his chest with surprising force. Each strike was fueled by fear, anger, and helplessness.

Luca remained steady, absorbing the blows. His expression was calm understanding that her outburst stemmed from love and terror rather than hostility. He exchanged a quick glance with Marco, silently conveying his intent.

Marco responded immediately. Stepping forward, he gently pulled Valentina away from Luca. Wrapping his arms around her upper body, he restrained her hands. His touch was protective, mindful of her fragile state. "Val! Val!" Marco called from behind her, his voice firm yet soothing as he struggled to steady her trembling frame. "Vee is fine. Calm down."

But Valentina barely seemed to hear him. Her chest heaved with ragged breaths, and her eyes remained locked on Luca, searching his face for the truth she so desperately needed. "Ricardo said... Ricardo... the—the kiss of death?" she demanded, her voice cracking as the terrifying words spilled out. The phrase seemed to hang ominously in the air, amplifying the tension in the room.

"Val, look at me," Luca said calmly. He stepped closer, ensuring that she could see the unwavering certainty in his eyes.

Valentina forced herself to meet his gaze.

"Do I need to say a word?" Luca asked.

In that silent exchange, she found what she needed. She knew the depth of his love for her sister; she knew that he would sacrifice everything, even his own life, to protect her. Yet, despite that knowledge, the fear gripping her heart refused to loosen its hold.

"I'll get Vee, okay?" Luca added gently, sensing that seeing her sister with her own eyes was the only way to truly calm her.

Before he could take a step toward the staircase, a familiar voice echoed softly through the room.

"I'm here."

All heads turned toward the sound. Vee stood midway down the stairs, one hand resting lightly on the banister. She took in the scene below—Valentina's tear-streaked face, Marco's protective hold, and Luca's quiet composure.

"Vee..." Valentina whispered.

In an instant, she jerked away from Marco's hands and rushed toward her sister. Marco released her immediately, watching as she crossed the room with desperate urgency. Valentina threw herself into Vee's arms, clutching her tightly.

Vee wrapped her arms around her sister, holding her close and gently stroking her back. "I'm okay," she murmured soothingly. "I'm right here. Nothing is going to happen to me."

Behind them, Marco ran a hand down his face, releasing a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. "Oh, thank God," he muttered under his breath. The relief was palpable. Holding Valentina had required every ounce of his self-control; her body pressed against him in that thin nightgown had momentarily threatened to derail him.

Luca glanced sideways at Marco as the sisters clung to each other. A slow, knowing smile spread across Luca's lips as he observed Marco's rigid stance. "You're an idiot," Luca said quietly, amusement dancing in his eyes.

Marco let out a shaky breath, dragging a hand down his face. "Fuck, I know," he admitted.

Luca's gaze drifted back to the sisters. "Two sisters, two brothers," Luca mused. "One got the girl, the other threw his away. Poets should make a sonnet about that."

"I have to go."

Luca arched a brow. "Where?"

"Anywhere else," Marco replied, glancing toward the sisters. "Preferably somewhere with less... complication."

Luca stepped closer and placed a firm, reassuring hand on Marco's shoulder. "You made a promise to me," he reminded him gently but with unmistakable seriousness. "Keep it."

Turning his attention back to the sisters, Luca allowed a hint of humor to return, easing the heaviness that had dominated the morning.

"Bambola," Luca called out, "get your sister a damned robe before someone passes out on your floor."

Vee glanced up at him, a faint smile breaking through her lingering concern as she followed his line of sight. Realization dawned, and she let out a soft laugh.

It was in that moment that Valentina finally became aware of her state of undress. The adrenaline that had propelled her out of the house had blinded her to everything else, but now, under the watchful gazes of two men, reality came crashing back. Her eyes widened, and with a sharp gasp, her arms instinctively wrapped around herself, attempting to shield what little her thin nightdress concealed.